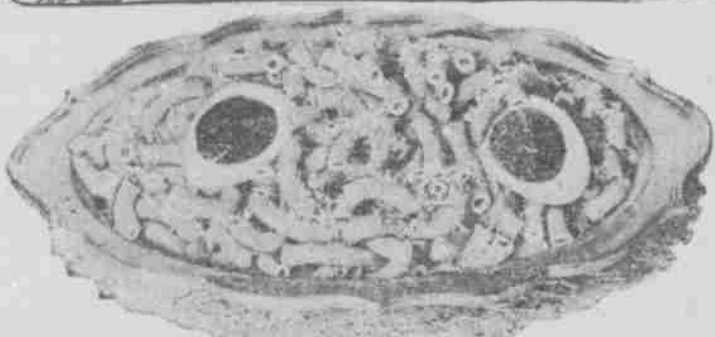


TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

"COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE"



A New Dish—Macaroni Italian

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

EVERYONE is familiar with the usual dish of macaroni and cheese, but this variation really means entire novelty, no completely is it transformed.

Put one pound of macaroni into a stew-pan containing double the amount of water necessary to cover the macaroni, add two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one onion-stuck with four cloves, and let it boil eighteen to twenty minutes. Drain it well, rinse in cold water, put a layer in the bottom of a well-buttered casserole or earthenware dish, sprinkle over this, some grated cheese, and

small pieces of butter, then more macaroni, and so on, until the dish is filled. Pour over the whole, a cup of white sauce. Garnish the top of the macaroni with slices of, hard-boiled eggs and grated cheese. Serve with the following sauce in a sauce-boat:

Put into a stewpan, half a pint of good stock, three raw sliced tomatoes, two chopped onions, a tablespoonful of paprika pepper, the juice of one lemon, four tablespoonfuls of good butter; stir together till boiling, add a pinch of salt, reboil strain and use.

(To-morrow—Apple Pork Pie.)

14 YEARS Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date, 1902.

Manager H. T. Edgar, of the street car company, took the city and county officials and quite a number of other representatives citizens on a special car this morning out over the new extension of his line to Washington park and Woodlawn park, which is owned by the company and will be operated principally as picnic grounds. Remarks on the success of the new railway were made by C. W. Kidrick, T. J. Beall, Leigh Clark, W. H. Burgess, E. W. Davis, J. L. Logan, R. F. Campbell, W. S. McCutcheon, Alexander O. H. Beaman and H. L. Newman.

J. Chibber returned from Guaymas, Son, where he has been for several weeks on business.

Mrs. Carmen Alms will leave in a short time for St. Joseph, Mo., where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Harry Flato.

T. B. Brated, freight and passenger agent of the Rock Island railway, left for Pittsburg today to see about the burned bridge.

Antonio Ponce De Leon, Jr., of Juarez, has just recovered from an illness of three weeks. He is chief of police of that city.

Mrs. Carpenter of Colorado is visiting in the city with her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carpenter.

ter, at their home on Montana street. At the Dallas meeting of the Texas medical association, Dr. S. T. Turner of El Paso, was appointed by president Hudson as a director to serve on the judicial council.

Mrs. Constance Windsor, of El Paso, will be married to Fred Woodward, at San Pedro, Calif., tomorrow, according to an advice received in El Paso by friends of Mrs. Windsor.

Dance hall girls in Cripple Creek, Colo., have gone on a strike to coerce saloon owners to give them a bigger percentage on drink money, according to a story received in this city.

The Herald job office has just finished one of the most attractive folders ever put out in El Paso. It contains pictures and descriptions of the Cloudcroft, the Sacramento mountain summer resort.

Sheriff J. H. Boone, Judge T. A. Falvey, Capt. Charles Davis, Judge Peyton P. Edwards and others left this morning for Mineral Springs to join Col. John Dean, and help him out in Palo Pinto county in his fight for the Democratic congressional nomination.

The good old fashioned flavor "Deliciously Different" Sultberger's Malted Ham and Bacon. Phone your Dealer.—Adv.

We have moved to 116 Texas St.—Levell, Palm & Sherman, Real Estate and Insurance.—Adv.

Mexican rents, Lee Newman, ph. 4504.—Adv.

Levell Palm & Sherman moved to 116 Texas St.—Adv.

National Gas Range Week Is Here

All over the United States house-holders have their eyes fixed on a gas range which they intend to purchase and relieve themselves forever of kitchen drudgery and discomfort.

During the period from May 8th to May 13th, inclusive, we are going to sell ranges at the prices which were in effect prior to May 1st, and in addition we are going to equip all ranges bought during this week with a Rutz lighter, by means of which you can light any top burner by simply pressing a button and turning on the gas.

We are also going to offer special inducements in the way of exchange propositions. We will take your old coal stove or gasoline stove in part payment for a gas range.

We are also going to give you an opportunity to exchange your old low type range for a cabinet type, allowing something for the low type.

Call early and learn our propositions.

El Paso Gas Co.

LUMBER SASH DOORS ETC.

LET us know your requirements. It is possible that we can save you some money. It is a certainty that our service cannot be surpassed.

Santa Fe Fuel Co.

Out of Town Orders Solicited.

Beauty Chats By Edna Kent Forbes

Sing—And Be Beautiful

I ADVOCATE SINGING as a beauty exercise for several good reasons—for one, because the needed practice develops the throat, the chest and bust, and even the upper arms. Have you ever seen a professional singer whose chest and shoulders were not beautiful?

The regular deep inhalations of breath, their enforced holding, the frequency of deep breathing, of course, are responsible for this. Besides, this breathing strengthens the throat, making you less liable to throat trouble, though of course making it necessary to guard against any colds or chills.

For another reason—a good singing voice almost always means a charming speaking voice. You cannot take singing lessons very long and keep a sharp or a nasal tone. As you learn to use your voice, it becomes rich and flexible—you can give emphasis to your words and your remarks by the very tones and variations of tones that you will unconsciously use.

No one ever heard of a good singer going into consumption—unless it was brought about by some peculiar combination of circumstances. A singer must have well-developed lungs—that's why. A singer must have a good digestion, hence she will have a clear skin, and a good color.

Learn to sing! If you have not the time for regular lessons, try to sing as you go about the house, whenever you can. Never sing in shrill tones—this rasps the voice. Keep your tones as low as you can. Listen to them, and try to improve them. Get a book on breathing and learn how to breathe properly while you sing.

This, too, will react on you, and by making you more charming will make you more beautiful.

Questions and Answers

If Miss D. B. will send an addressed, stamped envelope, I shall be glad to send

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and the Pine Cones."

By HOWARD, B. GARIS.

UNCLE WIGGLY LONGEARS, the nice rabbit gentleman, was out walking in the woods one day when he felt rather tired. He had been looking all around for an adventure which was something he liked to have happen to him, but he had seen nothing like one, so far.

"And I don't want to go back to my hollow stump bungalow without having had an adventure to tell Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy about," said Mr. Longears.

But, as I said, the rabbit gentleman was feeling rather tired, and, seeing a nice log covered with a cushion of green moss, he sat down on that to rest.

"Perhaps an adventure will happen to me here," thought the bunny uncle as he leaned back against a pine tree to rest.

It was nice and warm in the woods, and with the sun shining down upon him, Uncle Wiggly soon dozed off in a little sleep. But when he awakened still no adventure had happened to him.

"Well, I guess I must have dozed off," he said, and he started to get up, but he could not. He could not move his back away from that pine tree against which he had leaned to rest.

"Oh, dear! what has happened?" cried the bunny uncle. "I am stuck fast! I can't get away! Oh, dear!"

At first he thought perhaps the skilful-sealery alligator with the bumps on his tail had come softly up behind him as he slept and had him in his claws. But, by sort of looking around backward, Mr. Longears could see no one—not even a fox.

"But what is it holding me?" he cried, as he tried again and again to get loose, but could not.

"I am sorry to say I am holding you," spoke a voice up over Uncle Wiggly's head. "I am holding you fast!"

"Who are you, if you please?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"I am the pine tree against whom you leaned your back. And on my bark was a lot of sticky pine gum. It is that which is holding you fast," the tree answered.

"Why—why, it's just like sticky fly-paper, isn't it?" asked Uncle Wiggly, trying again to get loose, but not doing so.

"Yes, fly-paper is made from my sticky pine gum," said the tree. "I am so sorry you are stuck, but I did not see you lean back against me until it was too late. And now I can't get you loose, for my limbs are so high over your head that I can't reach them down to you. Try to get loose yourself!"

her the recipe for blackheads. Broken veins in the nose are always cured through electric treatment. You would not be successful with it yourself.

Do you approve of a hair tonic for a child of less than two years? Her hair is thin and short.—Mother.



Singing makes the mouth firm and strengthens the throat. It fills out the shoulders and the bust as well.

Reple—Her case is not unusual. The only thing that I would suggest would be to rub into the scalp a little red vaseline or some coconut oil. If the hair is very dry, otherwise, I would do nothing but keep a perfectly clean scalp for her and let her play outdoors without a hat, except when the sun is very hot.

"I will," said Uncle Wiggly, and he did, but he could not get loose, though he almost pulled out all his fur. So he cried:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Then, all of a sudden, along through the woods came Neddie Stubbail, the little bear boy, and Neddie had some butter, which he had just bought at the store.

"Oh!" cried the pine tree. "If you will rub some butter on my sticky gum, it will loosen and melt it, so Uncle Wiggly will not be stuck any more."

Neddie did so, and soon the bunny uncle was free.

"Oh, I can't tell you how sorry I am," said the pine tree. "I am a world creature, of no use in this world, Uncle Wiggly! Other trees have nice fruit or nuts or flowers on them, but all I have is sticky gum, or brown, rough, ugly pine cones. Oh, dear! I am of no use in the world!"

"Oh, yes you are," said Uncle Wiggly, kindly. "As for having stuck me fast, that was my own fault. I should have looked before I leaned back. And, as for your pine cones, I dare say they are very useful."

"No, they are not," said the tree sadly. "If they were only ice cream cones they might be some good. Oh, I wish I were a peach tree, or a rose bush!"

"Never mind," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "I like your pine cones, and I am going to take some home with me, and when I next see you, I shall tell you how useful they were. Don't feel so badly!"

So Uncle Wiggly gathered a number of the pine cones, which are really the big, dried seeds of the pine tree, and the bunny uncle took them to his bungalow with him.

A few days later he was in the woods again and stopped near the pine tree, which was sighing and wishing it were as unburied, pliant or a gold fish.

"Hush!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "You must try to do the best you can for what you are! And I have come to tell you how useful your pine cones were."

"Really?" asked the tree, in great surprise.

"Really and truly," answered Uncle Wiggly. "With some of your cones Nurse Jane started her kitchen fire."

"Others I built a little playhouse, and amused Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck girl, when she had the toothache. And other cones I threw at a big bear that was chasing me. I hit him on the nose with them, and he was glad enough to run away. I tell you see how useful your pine cones are, pine tree!"

"Oh, I am so glad," said the tree. "I guess it is better to be just what you

"I will," said Uncle Wiggly, and he did, but he could not get loose, though he almost pulled out all his fur. So he cried:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Then, all of a sudden, along through the woods came Neddie Stubbail, the little bear boy, and Neddie had some butter, which he had just bought at the store.

"Oh!" cried the pine tree. "If you will rub some butter on my sticky gum, it will loosen and melt it, so Uncle Wiggly will not be stuck any more."

Neddie did so, and soon the bunny uncle was free.

"Oh, I can't tell you how sorry I am," said the pine tree. "I am a world creature, of no use in this world, Uncle Wiggly! Other trees have nice fruit or nuts or flowers on them, but all I have is sticky gum, or brown, rough, ugly pine cones. Oh, dear! I am of no use in the world!"

"Oh, yes you are," said Uncle Wiggly, kindly. "As for having stuck me fast, that was my own fault. I should have looked before I leaned back. And, as for your pine cones, I dare say they are very useful."

"No, they are not," said the tree sadly. "If they were only ice cream cones they might be some good. Oh, I wish I were a peach tree, or a rose bush!"

"Never mind," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "I like your pine cones, and I am going to take some home with me, and when I next see you, I shall tell you how useful they were. Don't feel so badly!"

So Uncle Wiggly gathered a number of the pine cones, which are really the big, dried seeds of the pine tree, and the bunny uncle took them to his bungalow with him.

A few days later he was in the woods again and stopped near the pine tree, which was sighing and wishing it were as unburied, pliant or a gold fish.

"Hush!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "You must try to do the best you can for what you are! And I have come to tell you how useful your pine cones were."

"Really?" asked the tree, in great surprise.

"Really and truly," answered Uncle Wiggly. "With some of your cones Nurse Jane started her kitchen fire."

"Others I built a little playhouse, and amused Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck girl, when she had the toothache. And other cones I threw at a big bear that was chasing me. I hit him on the nose with them, and he was glad enough to run away. I tell you see how useful your pine cones are, pine tree!"

"Oh, I am so glad," said the tree. "I guess it is better to be just what you

THREE RAILROAD SURVEYS BEING MADE NEAR ROSWELL

Roswell, N. M., May 8.—Three surveying corps are in the field between the Texas line and Roswell and the hope that a new railroad line may be built to Roswell is high here.

One of the lines being surveyed is the Frisco, another is the Santa Fe and the third is the Quanah, Acmé and Pacific railroad. It is believed that the Santa Fe put a corps in the field to head off the Frisco in its surveys.

are, and do the best you can," said Uncle Wiggly and it was.

And if the roof of our house doesn't come down stairs to play with the kitchen floor and let the rain in on the gold fish, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the bee tree.—Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Levell Palm & Sherman moved to 116 Texas St.—Adv.

Mexican collections, see Lee Newman.—Adv.

SAN ANTONIO BANKER WOULD SECURE RELEASE OF HUNT

San Antonio, Tex., May 8.—Efforts were begun today by Col. George W. Brackenridge, wealthy banker of this city, to obtain the release of J. B. Starr Hunt, who is reported held at Singapore by British authorities on a charge of promoting rebellion against India.

Hunt, who is 26 years old, is a grandson of Col. Brackenridge, and was born in San Antonio.

Advices to Col. Brackenridge said Hunt shipped as purser on the steamer Maverick, trading between San Francisco and the Orient, and which is reported to have been in trouble with British authorities on allegations of blockade running. Hunt's father is a prominent attorney of Mexico City.

Mexican collections, see Lee Newman.—Adv.

Levell Palm & Sherman moved to 116 Texas St.—Adv.

Mexican collections, see Lee Newman.—Adv.

TERRIBLE ITCHING BURNING ECZEMA

For Twelve Years. Kept Spreading. Skin Was Red and Inflamed. Often Could Not Sleep.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"My eczema came on me with an itching that was terrible. It came on one of my limbs in small pimples resembling ringworms and it kept spreading until it reached my body. The skin was red and inflamed and the itching and burning were so intense that irritation was caused by scratching. Often I could not sleep and my clothing aggravated the eruption very much."

"It went on this way for twelve years. I saw Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised and I procured some and soon saw the eczema was drying up. I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Nona White, Chilly, Ga.; Aug. 12, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

Ice Cream Soda, SHERBETS

Pacific Ocean Confectionery

400 N. Oregon St.

We Give Merchants' Coupons

Enterprise Shoe and Leather Co

316 Mesa Ave.

Herald Want Ads for results

SCHOOL DAYS

Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

By DWIG



Herald Want Ads for results